

After the Close by Aceofstars16

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Other, Spoilers, Stranger Things 2, Stranger Things Spoilers

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Owens (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-19

Updated: 2017-11-19

Packaged: 2022-04-03 04:53:57

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 786

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Spoiler warning for Season 2 of Stranger Things!

This fic takes place right after Eleven closes the gate, mainly focusing on how Hopper gets her and Dr. Owens out of the facility. I like this better when I first wrote it but...I figured I'd share it here?

After the Close

Author's Note:

[Tumblr post](#)

Hopper couldn't believe what he was seeing. El was floating in the air, her screams pierced the air, shrill and powerful and angry. Then the gate closed. Red light was exchanged for blue. And everything was silent.

But something was off. Maybe it was the lack of noise from El, maybe it was some instinct Hopper had developed during their year together, but her feet hit the lift and her legs buckled, he grabbed her, letting her slide to the ground in his grasp.

“It's okay kid, I got you.”

For a moment, there was no reply. Hopper's chest tightened. She said she could do it, and she had, but what if that had killed her? What if his black hole had taken her away too? Then her arms wrapped around him and he could breathe again. She was okay. Relief washed over him and he pulled her closer.

“You did good, kid. You did so good.” He kissed her head, wanting to let her know how proud he was of her, and how glad he was that she was still here, that she hadn't left him too.

Time was irrelevant. There was no telling how long they sat there, but finally Hopper straightened up a little, though he didn't let El go completely.

“How you doing?”

Her eyes were dark, though it was hard to tell if that was the result of exhaustion or makeup, maybe it was a mix of both.

“Better.”

“You ready to get out of here?” Hopper glanced around. Now that the gate was closed, it really was quite dark, if it wasn't for the lights of

the lab above it would be pitch black. When he glanced back at El, she nodded.

The lift was slow, but Hopper wasn't in too big of a hurry. True, he still needed to get Dr. Owens out of there, seeing as the guy was bleeding quite a bit, but El was also weak too, the longer she could rest, the better.

"Think you can stand?" Hopper asked at the lift clicked to a stop.

El nodded and they both stood, but when she let go of Hopper's hand, her legs buckled again. Without a second thought, Hopper scooped her up.

"I got you, kid."

She looked at him, a little annoyance shinning in her eyes, but then exhaustion overtook it and she wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Rest up, kid, you deserve it."

Walking through the lab was almost surreal. Dead bodies everywhere, blood on the floors and walls. Hopper tried not to focus on it, but he knew he could never fully erase what he had seen.

When he reached the stairwell, Dr. Owens was still awake, but talking still wasn't much of an option. And walking wasn't realistic either. Cursing under his breath, Hopper glanced at El, then at Owens.

"I'm going to take her up, then I'll be back for you, okay?"

Owens looked at El for a moment – probably still surprised Hopper had managed to hide her under his nose for so long – then nodded.

Climbing stairs usually wasn't a big deal for Hopper, but with the addition of El, it was a little more taxing. Though part of it might've been his adrenaline wearing off too. But he managed.

When he reached the car, he gently placed El in the front seat, carefully unhooking her arms from his neck.

Her eyes fluttered open.

“Everything is fine. I just have to go get Owens, alright?”

She looked at him for a moment then nodded.

El was a walk in the park compared to getting the doctor out of the building. Hopper couldn't carry him, so it was a balancing act of supporting his leg and slowly climbing stairs. They had to take a few breaks, but eventually they made it to the truck. And not a moment too soon as Owens blacked out almost as soon as he sat down.

“Don’t die on me now doc.” Hopper muttered as he closed the door and climbed into the driver’s seat.

“You doing okay, kid?” He asked, glancing at El as he turned the car on.

She nodded, and he smiled.

“Don’t worry. Once I drop this guy off we can go home.”

“Home.” A small smile grew on her mouth before she closed her eyes, clearly still worn out from the past hour, possibly even the last few days. Who knew what she had been up to off on her own. All Hopper knew was that he was glad she was back and he was going to do all he could to make up for all the things he had done wrong.